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The Call and A Queen's Sending

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THE CALL AND A QUEEN'S SENDING

Sonnet Sequence
Written for
FRANCES FEARN
by
WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE

ALDERBRINK PRESS MCMVII

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A Messenger To The Blind
From Carmen Sylva

FOREWORD
by the Publisher

To the public interested in the Cause of the Blind who may read this "Sonnet Sequence"

The poems symbolize three acts in the life of the Queen's Messenger.

In the first as a child refugee among fanatical Mexican Indians she is welcomed to their hearth as an apparition of the Virgin.

In the second she brings to the Castle in Roumania to be an inmate of Carmen Sylva's City of the Blind, one of the helpless found by the way.

In the third she delivers the Queen's Message to the blind of San Francisco.

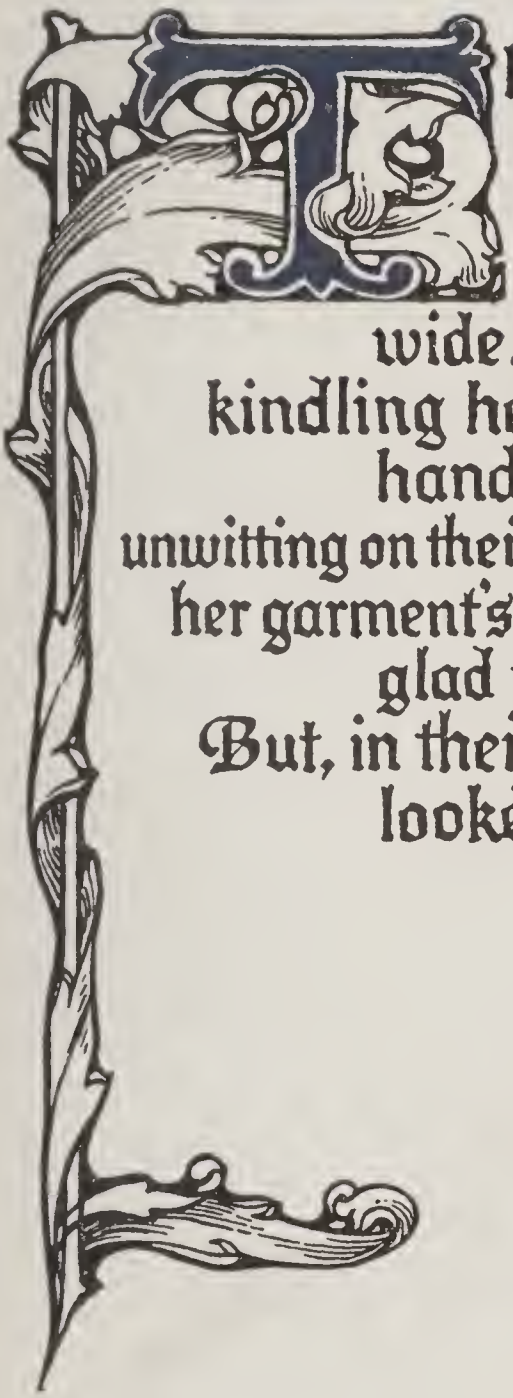
Dedication to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva)

Eyes to the blind, to the despairing breath
of life and hope; unto thy people Queen
and Mother of innocence; Elizabeth—
To many, a wasted grace august, serene
of serviceable loving womanhood;
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty" thus says Keats—
Thy life sings, good is beauty, and beauty good
False pomp with truth, so slaying vain deceits—
Would God in this our Democratic land
more faith like thine in simple worth were
shown
Royal in service, loyal in command
of self oblivious, fearing God alone.
No kingdom's bounds thy spirit narroweth
Wherefore the world claims thee, Elizabeth—

THE ADOBE HUT

IN THE HOT NOON,
ON THE LONG
HOMELESS WASTE
AFTER LONG STRESS
OF UTTER HUSH—
A CHAUNT
wailful and wierd, of souls inured
to Want,
and griefs unpitied. So the Child
made haste
and left her people; and o'er the thresh-
hold, faced
a folk who kneel to bid ill fiends avaunt:
dull eyes downcast, seared swarthy
fingers gaunt
suppliant; when lo, what vision fair
and chaste?

Sonnet I



The child in simple white (their prayer fulfilled!)
blue eyes for marvel wide, a sunny gleam
kindling her golden hair,—whose hands are laid
unwitting on their heads. Devotion-thrilled,
her garment's hem they kiss, and glad tears stream.
But, in their midst, the child looked up and prayed.

Sonnet II

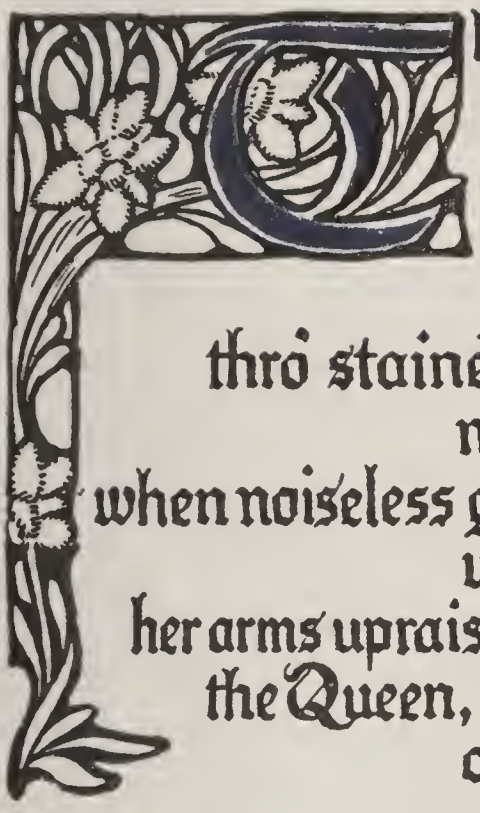
IN THE CASTLE AT SINAÏA (ROUMANIA)

Sonnet II

IN THE CASTLE AT SINAÏA (ROUMANIA)

FORSAKEN OF GOD AND MAN SHE HID, FOR SORE THE DOUBLE CURSE UPON HER—OLD AND BLIND!

A Stranger, the while, and Queen, in chastened mind
and bereaved heart of love, her sorrow bore;
and on the quest forlorn from shore to shore
sent willing messengers, till one doth find
and leadeth her—infirm, amazed, resigned—
trembling across the royal velvet floor.



The walls by armored
figures sentineled,
with arras richly hung
and portraits
old,
thro' stained glass there stole a
mellow light;
when noiseless glideth, vested in pure
white,
her arms upraised, her head enaureoled.
the Queen, and to her bosom the
outcast held.

Sonnet III

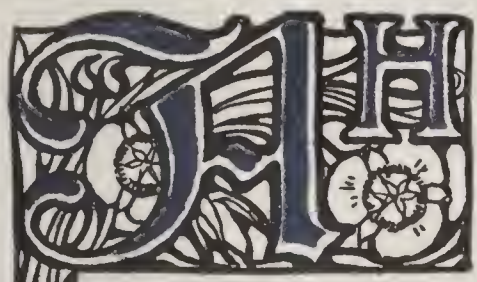
THE BLIND IN SAN FRANCISCO

Sonnet III

THE BLIND IN SAN FRANCISCO

WRECK STROWN CITY.
THEREIN A LOWLY
HALL
WHERE GATHER YOUNG
AND OLD A THRONG
WHO GROPE
in the thick darkness thither, up the slope
thridding their way responsive to a call
of love, thro' traffic's roar — an hun-
gered all
for words One sendeth from afar, of hope
and cheer: — "With life shall they
not cope
and overcome? Must gloom their souls
enthrall?

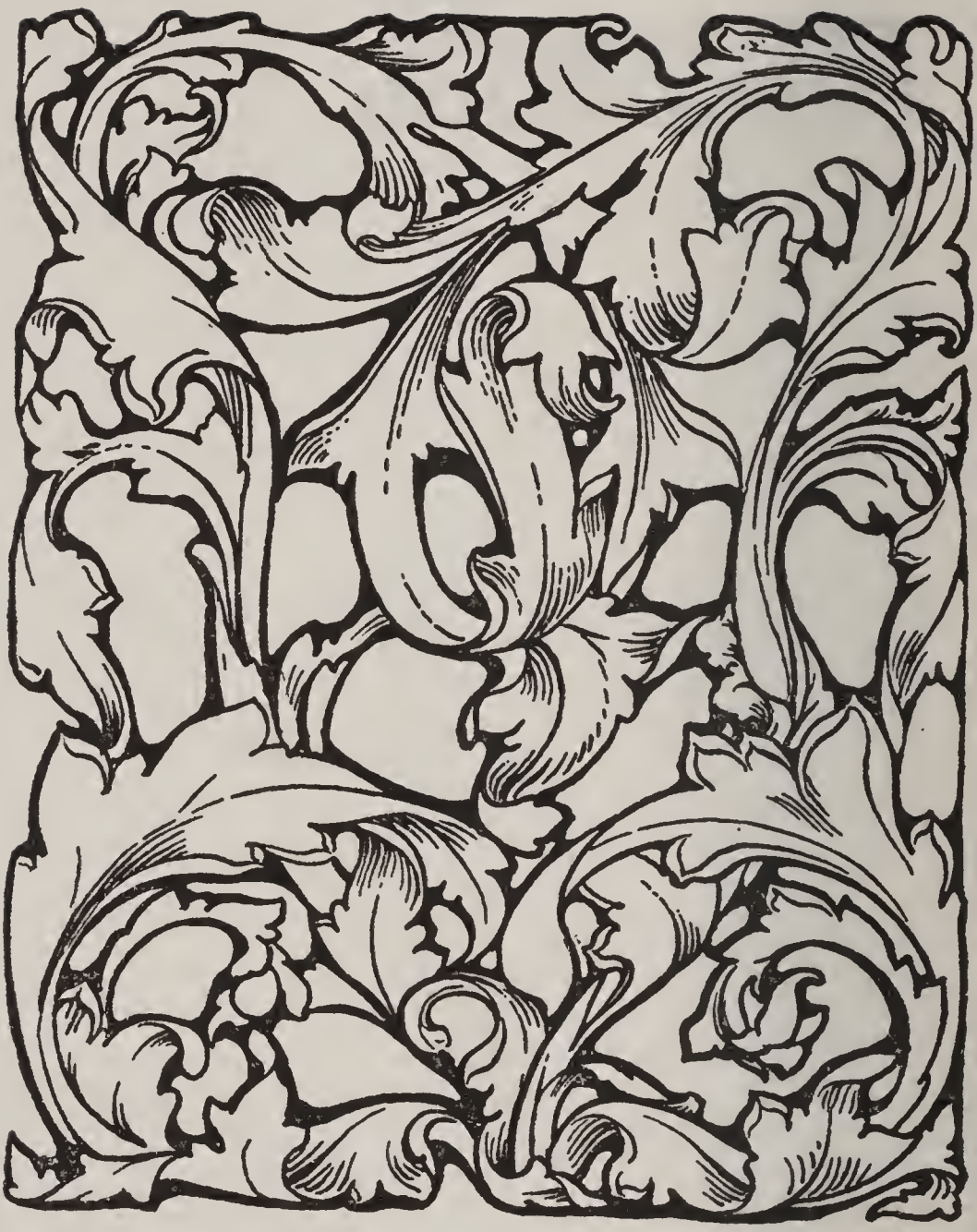
Sonnet III



no" And tears fill every eye, and she who beareth the Queen's message, doth with tears choke, as the blind in the blessing about her draw, grasp hand, touch regal robe, eager to see with th' spirit. And lo, her eyes athwart the years behold the Child she was with sudden awe.

Sonnet IV

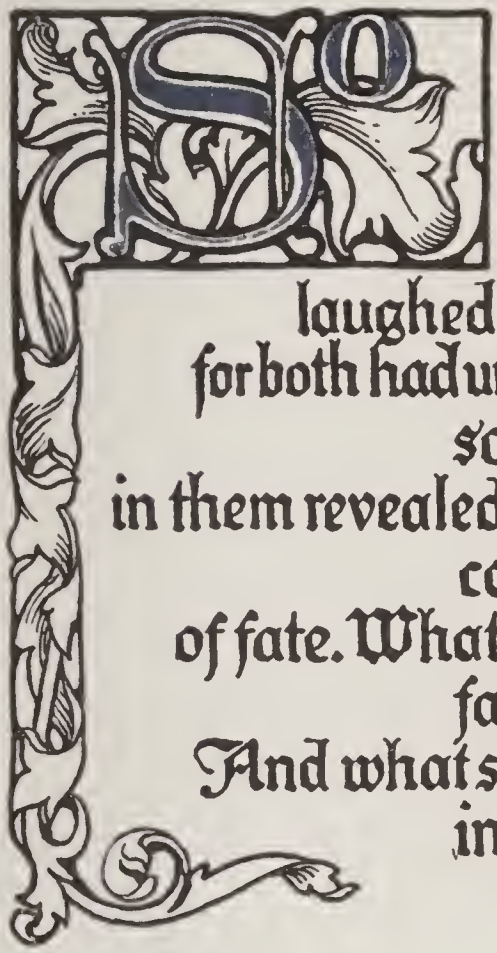
THE SENDING UNDERSTOOD



THE SENDING UNDERSTOOD

FTEN SOME MYSTIC
WORD WE
IDLY READ
THE OCCULT FIAT
DIVINING NOT,
THAT DWELLS
in the mellifluous golden syllables.
From a chance thought, from an un-
concious deed
in memory touched, there leapeth to
our need
a potent spirit who our doubt compels;
in the wilderness we drink of cool
deep wells
heart-solace, & arise from shackles freed.

Sonnet IV



the Woman met
herself~the Child;
and each
in the other's eyes
laughed, and to judge forbore,
for both had understood. The deeper
soul,
in them revealed, assumed a calm
control
of fate. What strange light in her
face she wore?
And what strange music hovered
in her speech?

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